CHARLEY CHAPLIN MAKE-UPS POPULAR

Supply of Old Fashioned Stiff Hats Is Quickly Exhausted.

More Charley Chaplin makeups will be seen on the streets of Fairmont tonight than usual during the Hallowe'en procession on Adams street. In fact Charley was strongly in evidence at many of the masquerade parties and socials that were held in the city during the past few evenings.

Recently Spiro & Bro., who purchased the hat and gents' furnishing business of Richard Gilkeson placed 200 of the old stype, long rim and low crown stiff hats—the Charley Chaplin type—on a bargain counter at twenty-seven cents. Only Thursday night did they get wise to the fact that the youngsters and grownups as well were buying them in to impersonate Charley Chaplin. Outof the whole batch of hats there are now but a scant dozen left.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Best Laid Plans

By CONSTANCE SCUDDER.
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DIANA WILSON wasn't born with a silver spoon in her mouth. Nothing so ordinary ever happened to Diana. Every one has silver spoons nowadays. Diana's had been gold, with a platinum monogram.

If it had been good form at the time to incrust baby spoons with diamonds, Mrs. Wilson would have seen to it that it had them, too, in sufficient number and of the first water.

Mrs. J. Henshaw Wilson had more money than brains; but to do the lady justice we must suggest the thought that even Solomon would have been hard put to it, had his wisdom been forced to stand the same comparison.

At any rate she possessed gray matter in sufficient quantity to enable her to have her own way about things, as a rule. This story has to do with one great exception. And, of course, like everything else in our national and private life that is out of whack just now, it can be traced directly to the late war.

Diana had been an obedient child always. She had done just the proper thing at the proper time and in the manner in which she was bidden to do it.

In her second year "out" the society world threw into the discard the mad pursuit of pleasure and turned feverishly to the rolling of bandages, the trying of "ham and," and personal supervision of the morals of our army and navy. Diana chose the canteen as her medium of service.

Mrs. Wilson did not force Diana to give up the canteen idea, for two reasons. First, some of "our very best people" were going into it. Second, she was very busy just at that time planning for the prelude to the great event in her daughters' life. Mrs. Wilson had married for money. It had been a high step up the social ladder for her. She meant to use the advantage she had gained to boost her offspring yet one rung higher.

Senator Brendon was the star to which Mrs. Wilson had hitched her wagon, and Diana's beauty and wealth constituted the motive power which were to land her in the position coverted for her by her mother.

Just as Mrs. Wilson's absorption in her plans blinded her to the risks in allowing Diana to become interested in canteen work, so Diana's interest in the work kept her from realising that the engagement was being forced upon her.

Senator Brendon was a middle-aged bachelor, a large, stupid man who got by on his family name and a pompous manner. He had money—but not enough, and was a gallant admirer of the "weaker sex." For him, competent women, women who displayed executive ability outside their own homes, did not exist. Mrs. Wilson assured him that Diana had no such talents.

To Diana the honor and glory of being a senator's wife made a strong appeal. But it was all an indefinite thing — something that couldn't come to pass until the horrible war was over. Meanwhile there were innumerable "ham ands" to be prepared for insatiable young American appetites. Diana bustling around in immaculate apron and cap, was thoroughly happy. The senator rarely appeared in person; he was too busy in Washington. His infrequent visits left Diana quite overwhelmed with flattery and gallantry.

It did occur to the prospective bride to wonder a little that the women with whom she was working daily were not more profuse in their congratulations upon the announcement of the engagement; but Diana possessed no exaggerated idea of her own importance—and of course everybody was steeped through and through with the one idea.

Mrs. Barding-Scott, who belonged in the first numeral common of New York's four hundred, was working alongside Diana in the canteen one day. She watched the girl for a while and then spoke, in her usual abrupt way, "Child, are you at all interested in suffrage?"

"Why, I never thought much about it," answered Diana abstractedly.

"Would you like to come with me to a meeting this afternoon?"

An invitation from Mrs. Barding-Scott was similar to that of a queen. One did not decline. When Diana announced to her maternal parent at luncheon that Mrs. Barding-Scott would call for her that afternoon—they were to attend a meeting in company—Mrs. Wilson was so overjoyed that she quite forgot to ask what the meeting was about.

But at that meeting the goose of Mrs. Wilson's plans was cooked a beautiful brown. For two hours Diana sat with burning cheeks and listened to as thorough a scarifying of Senator Brendon as the vocabularies of the five infuriated women who addressed the assembly could produce. For Senator Brendon had been indiscreet enough to express publicly his real reason for opposing women suffrage, a reason that he had hitherto camouflaged under a pretended reverence for state's rights. He did not believe, it appeared at last, that women had sufficient intelligence!

Mrs. Barding-Scott made no comment on the way home, but Diana was too furious at her fiance's slur upon her sex to notice it. Mrs. Barding-Scott dropped Diana at her home with a grim "Think it over, child, what you heard this afternoon." And Diana did. She staved off her mother's eager questionings about the afternoon by pleading a headache. She would tell about it in the morning — and couldn't she please be excused from dinner.

But long before Mrs. Wilson's hour for arising, a wraith of Diana, pale as her namesake, let herself out of the house unobserved, mailed a letter to the senator at the corner box and then, for the first time in her life, boarded a public conveyance unaccompanied and walked into the canteen two hours before her regular shift. Help was short. Diana hustled into her apron.

"Two; sunnyside up, please." The order came from a red-haired youth in O. D. The voice was familiar. Diana glanced up and smiled. The young lieutenant to whom it belonged was a frequent visitor at the canteen. They had gotten to be very good friends, indeed.

* * * *

These stars stand for intervening hours of that day, during which the best laid plans of Mrs. J. Henshaw Wilson "ganged" very much agiee indeed.

Diana was taken on the rebound. Lieut. Granger, a stripling M. D., knew nothing of Mrs. Henshaw or her plans. He pleaded well his cause.

At 11 o'clock Mrs. Wilson discovered her daughter's absence and phoned the canteen. A voice informed her that Miss Wilson had left half an hour before. Was some one bringing her home? Mrs. Wilson inquired, for that lady had ascertained that no car had been ordered out of the family garage that morning.

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure," answered the voice. "Miss Wilson went out accompanied by Lieut. Granger."

Worried by Diana's unwonted assumption of independence, Mrs. Wilson waited—and waited—Diana Wilson never returned, but at 5 o'clock in the afternoon a young woman [illegible]uch resembled the one who had stolen out of the Wilson house in the morning returned, very much pinker of cheek than her mythological namesake.

And the only consolation Mrs. J. Henshaw Wilson has been able to salvage out of the wreck is the ameliorating fact that Mrs. Barding-Scott takes a proprietory interest in Mrs. Laurence Granger. For when Diana told her mother the overwhelming news of her sudden marriage to a man who was to sail overseas that very night, and whom Mrs. Wilson had never seen or even heard of, it was not in the mother's power to take the retaliatory measure employed traditionally by irate parents since the world began and cast the disobedient daughter out into the cold, cold world. Because, you see, J. Henshaw, before he died, had had the wise presicience to leave the greater part of his plethoric fortune to Diana.

Dr. Granger is back now, and Mrs. J. Henshaw is living alone on a liberal income and the thoughts of what might have been.

Stuffing the ears with light gauze is a new cure for seasickness.